

## MONEY.

Money borrowed is a foe,  
Vetted in kindly seeming;  
Money wasted is a friend  
Lost beyond redeeming.

Hoarded, it is like a guest  
Won with anxious seeking,  
Giving nothing for his board  
Save the care of keeping.

Spent in good, it leaves a joy  
Twice its worth behind it,  
And who thus hath lost it here  
Shall hereafter find it.

—Woman's Journal.

## THE MISER'S HAND.

One evening in the year 1590, a woman, enveloped in a long black mantle, was walking toward the bridge of the Rialto in Venice. Her steps were weak and uneven, and at intervals she looked around with a hurried, frightened glance. She paused on the center of the bridge and looked down with a shudder on the clear, blue waters of the Adriatic; then closing her eyes and murmuring faintly, "Antonio! my Antonio! Adieu!" she prepared to throw herself over the parapet.

Just as she was falling a man rushed forward, seized her with a powerful grasp, and, drawing her back, said: "Girl! destroy not thy life which Providence has given thee. If thou art unhappy enter thy church, kneel on its hallowed pavement, pour out thy sorrow and thank thy Maker that thou hast been preserved from crime—from rushing uncalled into his presence!"

"The girl impatiently tried to shake off the strong, kind hand that held her, and said: 'Let me go! I must die!'"

In another moment she tottered and fell to the ground, where she lay without sense or motion. Her preserver raised her head, and, in order to give her air, drew back the veil which concealed her features. They were very lovely, and the man gazed on her with wonder and admiration as she was gradually restored.

"By degrees she told him who she was and where she lived. Her history might be summed up in a few words: An avaricious father, a poor lover, a mutual but unhappy love."

Vainly did Maria plead with her father, a rich innkeeper of Venice, the cause of her lover, Antonio Barbarigo, the handsome gondolier beneath the Bridge of Sighs. At length this evening her father, Gianettini, forgot himself so far as to strike his daughter with some violence, and she, with far more culpable neglect of her duty, ran wildly from home, and, as we have seen, was arrested just on the verge of committing suicide.

The person who had saved her led her gently to her home, and, having given her up to her father, seated himself in an obscure corner of the hostelry. Gianettini received his child with rude reproaches, and bidding her retire to her own apartment and betake her to her spinning, he cast a suspicious glance at the person who brought her home, whose stout, manly figure and firm

howsoever.

The gondolier took the parchment and looked at it with astonishment. He then turned doubtfully toward Maria, but a glance from her soft dark eyes reassured him, and he set out on his mission. With folded arms and a moody brow the artist commenced pacing up and down the large room in the hostelry, casting at intervals a scrutinizing glance at the young girl, who, now penitent for her intended crime, was silently praying in a corner. As for Gianettini, he seemed unable to shake off the strange ascendency gained over him by his unknown visitor; his habitual effrontery failed him, and for the first time in his life he dared not break silence.

An hour passed. Then hasty, joyous steps were heard, and Antonio appeared, bearing in his hand a bag and a letter. The bag contained 800 pistoles, and the letter was addressed to the artist and prayed him to honor the senator with a visit.

"Take these coins and weigh them," said the unknown, as he threw the bag toward Gianettini.

Antonio Barbarigo stood before his benefactor pale and trembling with joy. "One favor more," he said. "Who are you?"

"What does it matter, say you?" cried the gondolier. "Much—much to me! Tell me your name, that I may love and honor it to the last moment of my life."

"Men call me Michael Angelo. It is my turn now," he said, "to ask you a favor. It is to allow me to perpetuate on canvas the lovely features of Maria."

The girl approached. She could not speak, but she clasped the painter's hand and raised it to her lips. A tear fell on it, and Michael Angelo, as he drew her back, turned away to conceal his own emotions.

Twenty years passed on and found Antonio, the once humble gondolier, the happy husband of Maria and general of the Venetian republic. Yet his brilliant position never rendered him unmindful of his early life, and his heartfelt gratitude, as well as that of his wife, accompanied Michael Angelo Buonarrotti to the end of his days.

As to the crayon sketch of the miser's hand, it was taken from Italy by a soldier in Napoleon's army and placed in the Louvre. During the invasion of 1814 it was unfortunately lost, and so far as can be ascertained has never since been recovered. The story of its production, however, still lingers among the traditions of Venice.—M. A. in Chicago Globe.

The Zuni Game of the Kicked Stick.

All is now ready; each rider has his eye on his favorite side, an old priest rides in advance and sprinkles sacred meal over the course, the starters kick the sticks and the wildest excitement prevails. As each racer left his home he put into his mouth two shell beads—the one he drops as a sacrifice as he starts, the other when he has covered about one half the course.

The stick is tossed rather than kicked, and a good racer will toss it from eighty to a hundred feet. Over the heads of the runners it goes and falls.

## A COUNTRY HOME.

Plans of a House Which is Comfortable, Appropriate and Artistic.

The influence of city life has a tendency to contract one's ideas in building from the fact that land is necessary, more expensive, and the natural result is to endeavor to secure the necessary accommodations by building one story above another upon as small a plot of ground as possible. Daily walks along crowded streets where the predominant lines in architectural composition are vertical, undoubtedly from the force of continual repetition, leave an impression not easily shaken off, and this unconscious education or acquired taste in architecture is directly the cause of many unsightly, badly arranged and constructed suburban and country dwellings.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF COUNTRY HOUSE.

A tall house, or one with a tower, upon a small lot in the country, is out of keeping with the surroundings. Besides, a low house, somewhat rambling in its external appearance and simple in design, is more

restful to the eye, giving an air of comfort and liberality, and of genuine hospitality within. Simplicity and unconventionality are the real charms of country life, and were best illustrated in New England home life in the days of the colonies when the spinning wheel instead of the modern piano occupied the time and attention of the girl of the period; when our grandfathers cracked nuts and drank cider by the open wood fire in a temperature of 65

degrees Fahrenheit by the light of a "tallow dip," instead of eating swell dinners and drinking champagne in steam heated apartments at 90 degrees Fahrenheit in the glare of the electric light.

I would not raise my voice against progress in the arts and sciences, but there is not a happy medium between the extremes whereby the modern love of luxury and display may be tempered with more of the sweetness of home life, as it was in the "olden days."

The accompanying cuts represent the plans and perspective view of a sensible and comfortable country house, which is designed to be located in the middle of a large plot of ground. The building has an extreme frontage of 70 feet, and is one and a half stories in height, with the roof prettily broken with gables and dormer windows. The main entrance is protected by a broad porch, which opens into the large staircase hall. The latter can also be used as a reception room. The staircase and finish of the hall are of oak. The main newel of the stairs extends to the ceiling, with a corresponding plaster against the wall, with which, with the three stained glass windows and the handsome front door, gives to this feature of the house a most pleasing effect.



NICHES AND PORCHES.

## Short Shift.

One of the leading banking firms in Paris, on the recommendation of a London correspondent, engaged an English clerk of the name of Stephenson. For about three years the man's punctuality was altogether unprecedented. He came to his work at 9 in the morning and did not leave the office before the last stroke of 5. He was not a man, he was a clock. Besides, during the whole time he never asked for a holiday. One fine morning, however, to the great surprise of his superior, Stephenson blushing, craved permission to absent himself for an hour on the following day.

Next day at 12 he left the office. It was observed that a carriage stood waiting for him at the door. At 1 o'clock he drove up again in the same carriage and resumed his calculations as cool and self-possessed as if nothing had happened. This short absence puzzled the brains of all the employees in the bank. The principal himself, eager to obtain the solution of the enigma, invited this paragon of clerks to dinner. Between two glasses of Chamberlain the banker said, "You will not think me indiscreet if I ask you what you did with yourself in that hour's leave of absence you applied for last Tuesday?"

"Oh! dear no!" replied Stephenson, "I went and got married!"—Messenger Boiteux.

## Insulted by a Woman.

"Oh, yes, I'll remember Detroit; no fear about that," said sweet voiced Dora Wiley as she rocked to and fro in an easy chair in the Russell House. "I shall remember it as the first place in which I was really insulted, and by a woman too."

"How and when did all this happen?" asked the reporter.

"One night this week," continued Miss Wiley in reply. "A woman sat in one of the boxes with her back to the stage. One could bear that sort of thing for a little while, but when an audacious turn of her or her back squarely on you for a whole evening you cannot drive from your mind the impression that an insult is intended. Well, that was the feeling that came to mind as scene after scene of the play went by, and still that woman sat there."

"I became so annoyed—exasperated, I might say—that I could hardly sing at all. It affected others on the stage the same, but perhaps to a less extent. The legitimate result, of course, was to take our minds off our work to a certain extent, and to a measure the audience suffered by the acts of that one woman, although, perhaps, they may not have noticed it."—Detroit Journal.

## Cheap Funerals in New York.

A Hester street undertaker says: "Funerals don't come very high in this neighborhood, but such as they are the poor people seem to have trouble paying the bills. I furnish what is considered a respectable funeral for \$5.50, but that does not include any carriages. The coffin and the hearse attendance is all that I can give for the money. The

all very poor, and \$5.50 represents a small fortune. Only a few of them, in my experience, have ever expressed any objection to having their dead buried in Potter's field, but they all are sensitive and superstitious about the funeral, and will sacrifice almost anything to obtain a coffin and hearse."

"They seem to have no idea of the value of our money. A woman, whose husband died the other day, came to me with a brass ring, which she thought I would take in exchange for a coffin. She was very much surprised when I refused her, and offered to work for me for a year if I would only give her husband a decent funeral. He was finally buried at the expense of the city."—New York Letter.

## Diamond Smugglers' Devices.

"Diamonds are smuggled into this country by a good many strange devices," remarked a voluble customs official the other day. "Not long ago I examined the baggage of a newly arrived tourist and found in it a beautiful set of silver mounted brushes. Curiosity prompted me to lift one. I heard something rattle and investigated, with the result that I found over \$2,000 worth of stones concealed in the backs of these brushes. Another individual had the heels of his boots hollowed out and fitted with a drawer which he filled with diamonds. One day one of the heels came off and disclosed the hiding place of a number of valuable jewels."—New York Telegram.

## In the Minority.

An African traveler was recounting to a company his hairbreadth escapes in the jungles and savannas about the great equatorial lake region. He had encountered there, he said, the most savage and bloodthirsty men in the world.

"As we were marching," the traveler related, "from Mungo to Gohangbo, we suddenly found ourselves in the midst of a most terrible and desperate combat. And what odds! Ten to one?"

"Were you one of the ten?" asked a bystander.

"Sir," said the explorer, grandiloquently, "I wish you to understand that I was one of the one."—Youth's Companion.

## What an "Inch" of Rain Means.

Few people can form a definite idea of what is involved in the expression, "An inch of rain." It may aid such to follow this curious calculation: An acre is equal to 6,272,640 square inches; an inch deep of water on this area will be as many cubic inches of water, which, at 227 to the gallon, is 22,000 gallons. This immense quantity of water will weigh 230,000 pounds, or 100 tons. One-hundredth of an inch (0.01) alone is equal to one ton of water to the acre.—St. Louis Republic.

## An Appropriate Costume.

"What was the idea of dressing the little page at the Bowers wedding like a desperado?"

"Oh, he was to hold up the train, you know!"—Puck.

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